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VERSIONS & VERSES

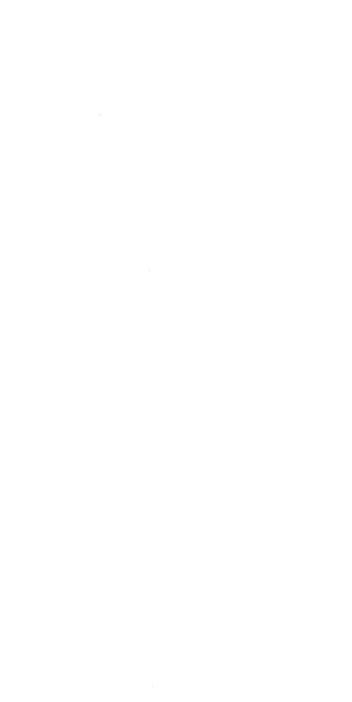
SONNETS AFTER THE ITALIAN AND OTHER SONNETS

BY FREDERIC WHITMORE TRANSLATOR OF THE AMYNTAS OF TASSO Illustrated by WILLIAM R. WHITMORE

THE RIDGEWOOD PRESS

Springfield Mass.





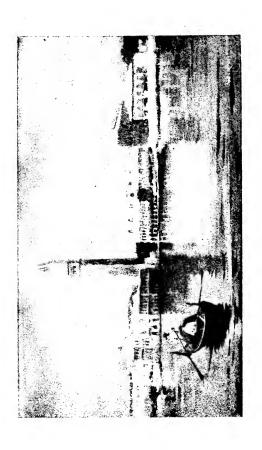






Versions & Verses

To E. E. W.

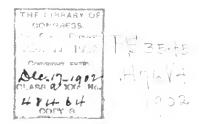




SONNETS AFTER THE ITALIAN AND OTHER SONNETS

BY FREDERIC WHITMORE TRANSLATOR OF THE AMYNTAS OF TASSO Illustrated by WILLIAM R. WHITMORE

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Versions



Sweet Bird...

SWEET bird that, hovering, seemest to make moan

For days foredone and all their blisses past,

Seeing thy season waned, and skies o'ercast.

And winter nigh — I would my grief were known

To thee, as to thy throbbing breast thine own!

Then wouldst thou stoop and, nestling, find at last

A solace in my bosom. There held fast, Thou shouldst with me bewail the summers flown.

I know not if thy case be all as mine; Haply thy Love yet liveth; mine from me Death sunders, and my yearning hope delays.

Yet would I, in my loneliness, with thine Mingle my low lament: akin are we, Whose hearts ache still for unreturning days.

-Petrarch

Angels Elect...

A NGELS elect and spirits benedight, Heaven's citizens, the day my lady died,

Drew round her, full of ruth and tendereyed,

Much marvelling to see so fair a sight. "What loveliness is this, what rarer light?"

They whispered: "Ne'er soul's beauteous vesture vied

With this; for ages, none so sanctified Hath hither soared from earth's dim wandering night!"

She, in her soul's new hostelry content, Shines equal with the brightest dwellers there.

Yet oft she turns and down the steep ascent

Long gazes, with a soft and wistful air.

Whence heavenward all my yearning thoughts are bent—

I hear her sigh, and hasten me with prayer.

-Petrarch

Death Cannot...

D^{EATH} cannot her dear face unlovely make;

But her dear face hath power to sweeten death.

What other guide in dying need I take? She guideth me who all good minist'reth. And he who gave his blood unniggard-

ly,

And with his foot the gates of Tartarus broke,

Seems with his death to strengthen me to die.

Then come, O Death! — thy coming I invoke.

O linger not! for now the time is full; And were it not, that moment was most fit

When from this life my lady passed away. Since then I scarce have lived e'en one poor day:

With her in life, with her I ended it;
Her footsteps told the measure of the
whole.

— Petrarch

To a Scholar

SLOTH, gluttony, and downy pampered ease

Have driven all worth and virtuous strength away.

Whence our weak nature, well-nigh gone astray,

Sinks 'neath the weight of evil usances; And, since Heaven's inner light, obscured with these,

No longer yields its pure ethereal ray, Marvels to men and prodigies are they Who seek bright streams on Heliconian leas. By whom are laurels, whom are myrtles wooed?

"Nude far'st thou forth, Philosophy, and poor!"

Murmurs the dull pelf-ridden multitude. Few comrades wilt thou find! So much the more,

I prithee, spirit with generous thoughts imbued,

Slack not thy toil, nor the high quest give o'er! — Petrarch

The Only Way

GERI, whenas my gentle foe with

Is waxen wroth — who then is proud and chill —

One hope have I, one lingering solace still, Whereby I breathe — and this I tell to thee.

What time she lifts her lids, then seeth she, Who fain would chasten mine and scourge my will,

Then seeth she mine eyes that meekly fill.

Subduing hers, with mute humility. —
Saving for this, not elsewise should I draw
Anigh her, wroth, than whoso stricken
sees

Medusa's face that freezeth him to stone.

So with thy dame do thou: for by

Love's law,

Whose swift wing shadows even him who flees,

No shift avails, no strife-but this alone!

-Petrarch

Guido, I Would...

GUIDO, I would that thou and Lapo

By spells were borne to some charmed bark that still,

'Mid shifting tides, might o'er the ocean ply

Whither we would, obedient to our will, In such wise that nor wave nor wind's delay

Should stay or thwart us with mischance of weather—

But, favoring, waft, in one accord for aye, As still the longing grew to be together; And that your Vanna, and Monna Bice, as well,

With her who shines the thirty fair above, The kindly mage might compass with his spell!

Would that with them we might discourse of love.

Nor cease to charm, as ever we did dwell
On themes I think our tongues would
ever move!

— Dante

To Venice

WHERE loom these walls and colonnades that shine

With purple and gold and gleaming marbles rare,

Once nestled lowly huts that, 'mid the brine,

Scarce marked the sands and wave-beat islets bare.

For fearless folk, a free untainted line, Here, in rude galleys, sought a freeman's lair.

Unlured they came by lust of base design: Not to enslave, but here to breathe the air

Themselves unfettered, hardily they came; Strong and sincere, scorning the double tongue

And the gold-lover's dull ignoble flame. Sons of such sires, Venetians, ye have wrung Her costliest gifts from Fortune. See your fame.

Be e'en as theirs, as nobly nursed and sung!

-Della Casa

To Vittoria Colonna

THAT I might less unworthy be to take

The gift, great lady, of your courtesies, With some slight merit did I hope to make

More fit my spirit, all too low for these. But, having proved that unto such a height

My feeble strength may vainly seek to rise.

The lofty aspiration faileth quite ——
And, failing, maketh me at length more
wise.

Well see I how he erreth, who deems

Those graces that from you divinely rain, My own poor works, ephemeral and frail.

Mind, art, and hardihood before you fail:

For not a thousand labors could attain To pay celestial gifts in terms of earth.

-Michelangelo

I Only Write...

ONLY write to ease that inner woe
Whereon my heart feeds, craving
naught beside;

Not that my beauteous sun may brighter show.

Who left in earth his members glorified. Just cause doth move me to bewail and weep;

Alone it grieves me that I dim his fame. But other bards, with words more sage and deep,

Shall come to win from Death his mighty name.

Pure loyalty and sorrow all too strong
My fond excuse shall be: such sorrow
keen

As neither time nor reason may restrain. Bitter lament and tears—not dulcet song,

Sad sighings—and not melodies serene.

Me vaunt, if not for verse, for woe shall gain.

-Vittoria Colonna

I See my Loved One

BY deep and solemn contemplation brought,

I see my loved one often come anear, And, fair and living, rise before my thought,

Such that mine eyes beheld him scarce so clear.

To follow then the gentle beam divine That guides his feet, my ardent soul takes flight,

And on spread pinions scales Heaven's steep incline,

Of every mortal care disburdened light; Where of his joys some portion I behold, And seem to hear the mystic words unite With heavenly notes that make one harmony.—

Ah! if my love, whose like earth ne'er did hold.

But visioned, than the sun shines far more bright,

How shall he shine, from earthly vesture free!

-Vittoria Colonna

To Italy

WHERE is thy sword? What boots,
O Italy,

A stranger's shield? Aught if the clear eye sees,

Fell are thy friends as thy fierce enemies— Harsh tyrants both——once both were slaves to thee!

Thus, thus rul'st thou thy wreck of empery, And guard'st thy old renown on lands and seas?

So pay'st thou Valor's vows? So dost thou ease

Thy soul of bonds that thou did'st seal, and he?

Nay, wanton, spurn thine old espousals, wed Thyself to Sloth! 'Midst blood and sighs and tears.

E'en on a couch of perils sink, and steep Thy lids in dreams, till the drawn blade that nears

Flash in thy startled eyes, yet dim with sleep,
And 'mid thy Love's embraces strike thee
dead! — Filicaia

Michelangelo's Moses

WHAT Titan soul informs this massy stone,

Outvying all that e'er the chisel wrought?

These marble lips, instinct with living thought,

Deceive the ear, that dreams their ponderous tone.

'Tis Moses: him the two-fold beam makes known,

And mane of hair with wreathing locks inwrought.

'Tis he, as when his flaming forehead brought God's light from where mid Sinai's clouds it shone.

Such was he when the sudden gushing wave Of waters streamed beneath his smiting rod, Such when he bade the sea be Pharaoh's grave.

And ye, his hosts, upreared a golden god? This had ye reared, ye might have thought to save

Your shame, God's wrath—not kneeling to a clod! — Zappi

Judith

GRASPING her bloody trophy by the hair,

Came Judith home. "Hail, hero!" maids and men

Cried, rapturous, for no woman seemed she then,

Save in the silken garb and visage fair. Hastened the virgins forth, to kiss her bare Brave feet, and, weeping, welcome her again.

But none the dread hands dared to kiss, as when,

Late sallying, she uplifted them in prayer.

A hundred hymning prophets ringed her round:

"Lo, thou shalt live, anthemed in every clime;

Lo, thou shalt live, and thy great name resound!"

She, strong to dare and win immortal fame, Stronger in triumph, modestly sublime, Scarce seemed to hear the thunderous wild acclaim.

— Zappí

David and Goliath

THRICE round his head the son of Jesse swung

The whistling sling—and loosed the bolt.

It flew

Winged from his sinewy arm, and hurtling sung

Bee-like upon the wind: Goliath knew Its coming, ere his brazen front it stung. Him looming huge, as looms against the blue

Some Alp o'er hills, or towering crag among Contending seas, the missile struck and slew.

Tottered the Titan, and his lips and throat, That shook the vale with threatenings, kissed the dust.

Cumbering great space he lay; his stripling foe

Trampled his haughty neck, and smiling smote

The ponderous head and trunk asunder. So Jehovah, succoring, crowned his people's trust! — Frugoni

Hannibal on the Alps

MID the still Alpine snows descending grim,

The Libyan chief his brooding glances raised.

And his dark bosom and each dusky limb Exulted. ———— On Italia he gazed,

'Neath his victorious feet outspreading dim.

Sternly he smiled, and in his black eye blazed

Undying war — the altar fire of him Who reared to Heaven his infant's arm, and praised

The babe-lisped hatred nursed from sire to son.

Awhile he paused, and his imperial brain Pondered immortal strifes—Ausonia's woe, Scourge of Rome's legions—then, with flame forerun,

With smoking scath and slaughter in his

Dark Afric's bolt, he smote the peace below.

— Frugoni

Pluto and Proserpine

SHE shrieked, and dropped her daffodils to earth;

Struggling, she knew—the slim Sicilian maid—

The rugged arm that gripped her in its girth; And wan she shrank, dishevelled and dismayed.

The infernal god his bristling black lips pressed

Ruthless upon her shuddering lips and face, And bosom cold; her cheeks and snowy breast

Grew swarthy 'neath his Stygian rude embrace.

Strained in his arms, one wild white arm she thrust

Against his hateful mouth; the other screened Her dark dilated eyes, as, wreathed in dust, Weak o'er his whirling chariot wheel she leaned.

And heard the speeding lash, and to the sky, That sank in night, sent one last lingering cry.

- Cassiani

Lingua Amoris

HE never loved, his cold unyearning mood

Belied his lips, and aye his cadence rung False to the amorous vow he lightly sung—

Who but in rhymes his gentle lady wooed.

These—trust me, sweet!—how oft soe'er renewed,

But feign Love's note and ape his timorous tongue.

Artful are they, artless the accents wrung From lips that breathe true love. A sigh subdued,

A faltering speech that breaketh ere 'tis done.

A drooping lid that owns the thraldom dear,

A glance that doth a kindling hope confess: Such is Love's language ere his wish be won.

So—trust me still—he speaketh, so ye hear His heart-beats—and all else is wantonness.

-Parini

Jove Dies...

DANTE, whence comes it that my speech and yows

To thy stern effigy I yield content?—
That, o'er the verse which made thee lean,
my brows

I bend at dawn, that in the dusk I bent?

For me Lucia prays not, nor doth the fair Matilda wait beside her crystal stream; In vain for me, athwart the brightening air.

Thou seek'st, love-led, the white eternal beam.

I hate thy Holy Empire—and the crown And haughty brand supreme had struck away

From Frederic's head and hand, on Olon plains.

Empire and Church lie smit in ruin down, Above them both still soars thy mighty lay:

Jove dies - the poet's votive hymn remains!

-Carducci

O Thou that . . .

O THOU that on the flowery Tuscan hill

Sleepest there where thy father long hath slept,

Heard'st thou not through the graveyard grasses still,

E'en now, the plaintive voice of one who wept?

It is my darling child who at thy lone Chill dwelling knocks: he who thy name beloved

Still bore, O brother: life to him is grown Bitter, that unto thee so bitter proved. Ah! no: among the flowers he sported

light,

Still smiled at by sweet visions manifold, And the dark shadows wrapt him suddenly,

And bore him to the dim eternal night.

O welcome him in those drear regions cold,

For to the sun he turneth wistfully!

-Carducci

Virgil

WHEN, o'er the sun-parched fields, at last the tender

Moon, low-hanging, spreads a grateful chill, Murmuring to her snowy light, the rill Flows, sparkling back, along its channel slender:

And the lone nightingale, from forth the groves,

Floods all the vast serene with melody. The traveller hearkens, and with brooding eye,

Dreams of the golden tresses that he loves; And the bowed mother, who bemoaned in vain,

Turns from the dark grave to the gleaming sky,

And in its mighty calm grows calm again.

Meanwhile the mountains shine, the far sea shines,

And through the trees the wind sweeps rustling by.

Such, gentle poet, are to me thy lines!

- Carducci





Verses



Neccessity

METHOUGHT I saw an eager artist tracing

Slight fantasies upon a silken screen— His subtle hand the dainty damask gracing

With clouds and vines and peeping Loves between.

Then, as I marvelled at his menial task, Methought he sighed and turned his lustrous eyes,

Glistening, on mine, and said: "If thou wouldst ask

Wherefore I waste my skill in wanton dyes,
O look!"——and he upheld his slender
hands:

"Vainly 1 sigh — my mistress' heart of flint

Naught heeds, nor any pity understands:

Daily she comes and sets me to my stint,

Her cruel hands—to all entreaty cold— Binding me to my task with links of gold."

Waiting

WITH rosy flushing ear, and cheeks that wear

The soft auroral hues that garment her, She waits; nor doth one slender gold beam stir,

Of all the floating sunshine of her hair, One sigh's waft vex the tense and listening air,

One bosom's heave the tender hope aver That parts the lips where late her arch smiles were,

Where they will break anon. Hark! on the stair,

She hears, e'en now she hears—thricetranced thereby—

The whisper of light feet that come anear,

And nearer; and the spirit of a sigh Hovers, the while her hope becomes a fear.

And yet fulfilment lingers — nigh, so nigh, Nor may she breathe till all her bliss is here!

Fancy

SHE saileth summer waters in a boat
Of fashion like a leaf of living
green;

She dreameth dreams and seeth things unseen;

And all her idless dear she doth devote

To visions o'er the glassy wave afloat, Or trembling in its bosom, or, serene, Swimming the silent heavens. Naught of mean

Cometh anigh her, but the fluted note Of her soft lips witcheth it, stealing

The wave bewitched. Her slumbrous eyes of blue,

Wide-lidded, see it e'en as though she slept,

And it and she were shadows — evermore

In those twin mirrors making it anew; And from her subtle spell is naught except.

By the Window

CANNOT sit among the revellers, This weary eve, for I am dull and sad—

I know not wherefore—and the world is clad

In sober hues for me. But my pulse stirs, Lightening my heart, as peers above the

The slow white moon, and the dim vale grows glad;

And peace falls from the night, as if I had A child's share in that mighty calm of hers.

O mother darkness, gently dost thou heal Day's throbbing hurts, as earthly mothers use

To soothe their chidden children's, till they feel

No more on those soft breasts each bitter bruise.

Day, a harsh father, smites—then thou dost steal

The smart away, and dull it with thy dews.

Poesy

CLAD in white soundless garments, she appeared,

Sweet-smiling like a cloudless morn in May. No word she spoke, and as I looked I feared

Her fragile loveliness would melt away. But yet she lingered, all that golden day;

And on the morn beside my couch she stood,

The new sun on her face, and still did stay,

Soft-brightening, till her mystic maidenhood

Was grown a thing divine, and her deep eyes

Had made my lonely youth an ecstasy. But she is gone—ah! not on earth she dwells.

Brief are her visits as a maiden's sighs And gentle glances coy, that suddenly Cease—while the vacant heart with yearning swells.

With Patient Footsteps

NO flowery path, the path that leads to her:

Another way is hers; nor will she seek Favor, who must be sued; nor lightly speak,

Nor dream of what might be as though it were.

Another will is hers, another thought, A larger hope, an impulse more serene Of calm virginity unmade for aught Less perfect than befits her perfect mien. Slowly, with patient footsteps, must be sought

The arduous way that mounts to my heart's queen.

Love or We?

WE say that Love is blind, and smile

His random-loosened shafts that hit or miss;

It seems a die's cast if lips curl or kiss, If minds mismate or kindred hearts agree. We call Love blindest when too fondly he

Looks forth from lovers' eyes, that change with his,

And show a paradise in common bliss. But is it Love that's blind, or is it we? Tell me which values best their misted stain.

Your glance, or hers who plucked the violets?

Which best appraise the viol's solemn strain, Your heedless ears, or his who feels the frets?

Whose thought is just—the youth's—or, touched in vain,

The man's, self-centered, when his heart forgets?

A Valentine

GO to her, valentine!—"Wherefore?"

Ah me!

To hear her feet, the while she archly trips

To take thee, touch her lily finger-tips, And in her rosy palm a moment be; To watch her laughing eyes and shyly see

The flitting flush her maiden snows eclipse,

Whileas she reads; to tremble on her lips, What time they make a silvery mirth of thee!

Is't not enough? Had I thy chartered right,

Thy immemorial craft, thy cunning art
To take the morn betimes—small stay
were mine

To hasten with the coming of the light, And greet her freshened loveliness, and part

Her lips with smiles, and see her glances shine!

Salve, Regina!

O JUNE! and art thou come, imperial June—

Young queen of months, whose ripened beauty glows

Richer than with meek girlhood's mantling rose?

Are these thy deeper eyes — and all so soon is the blonde May gone by, with sandal-shoon

Tripping athwart her drift of blossomsnows?

Ay, this is thou—the azure upland knows The clear, unburning beam, thy glance's boon,

The glistening stream, the grass thy showers make sweet.

And every wood and each sun-sated bough;
While every fluting warble of thy praise
And each song-cadenced rustle of thy feet
Tells us how blithe thou art, how perfect
thou—

Bright almoner of long, unsighing days!

In Wall Street on Sunday

STRANGE is the silence here! A primal hush

Broods on the scene, and the cold sunlight

As down some sunken defile's wasted walls —

Where thinning snows have stayed the torrent's rush.

And the ear marks the falling leaf, or gush

Of some far-tinkling rill, and faintly calls The o'er-sailing hawk, whilst the void loneness palls,

Saddening on crag and fell the mute morn's flush.—

Here swept the city's central stream amain, Chafing the stony channel with its surge Of strenuous hasting life—and here again The seething flood its thunderous wave will urge—

Where now I start, as from you lonely tower, With throbbing stroke slow-clangs the solemn hour.

Michelangelo

THREE sister arts, smiling, their wreaths bestowed,

Twined in one chaplet meet for him to wear

Whose winged feet their kindred summits trode:

And gentle Poesy her myrtle rare Joined, emulous, for many a golden lay And sonnets tuned to his high mistress' ear.

And when his bleeding country stood at bay,

Trampling her sundered chain, he brought her cheer,

And reared her drooping brand — though all in vain —

Winning, unsought, the iron meed of war.

Thence nobly scorning praise, his soul
amain

Wrought, self-enkindled, like a primal star

Burning aloof with a new world in throe—And Art's still heaven knew its Angelo.

The Present Heaven...1

NO more the mariner, sailing down the west,

Sees on the sunny ocean rim arise, Far off, the tranquil Islands of the Blest;

No more we stand with upturned trusting eyes,

The day our sweet friends die, and dream

Of Heaven, in the blue stillness far beyond our sight,

Hymning the white-robed spirits all forgiven,

As rapturous they walk its streets of light.

The skies reveal their star-attended suns, Swift-circling in the infinite, alone, And down the teeming vastness falls no tone

To tell of what we yearn for evermore. Nature is silent, and our dim life runs All blindly onward to an unseen shore.

The Present Heaven..11

YET not unhoping do we thither move;

Nay, rather with a deep assurance sweet That all this mighty world is born of Love,

Who shapes a secret pathway for our feet

And leads us ever onward to a bliss By which the fabled heavens were faint and dim.

Although we naught divine of what it is, And still adown the depths floats no glad hymn—

Our heart of hearts divinely evermore Singeth, if ne'er we silence it with sin,

Saying: not, "Heaven lies afar," but, "Near it lies,

Wide open are its gates before our eyes;

We, if we will, may hourly enter in, And walk undoubting on its crystal floor."

The Statue of the Puritan in Springfield

WITH sober foot unswerving, lip severe,
And lid that droops to shield the
inner sight;

Dark-browed, stern-willed, a shadow in the light

Of alien times, and yet no alien here; Revered and dreaded, loved, but yet with fear: He moves, the somber shade of that old night

Whence grew our morn, the ghost of that grim might

That nursed to strength the nation's youth austere.

Mark the grave thought that lines the hollow cheek.

The hardy hand that guards the sacred book,
The sinewy limb, and what the thin lips speak
Of iron will to mould the era — look
In reverence, and as ye mutely scan
The heroic figure, see, rough - limned,
a man!

Doctor Parkhurst

MODERN Curtius"—so you say, and smile:

"The mythic gulf closed — mythically straight;

But I opine the modern Rome must

'Tis news, and salts one's morning meal awhile."

So be it, if you will — but I must think

We of the colder mood may better spice

Our wit, as we stand idly on the brink, Others o'erleap, of civic shame and vice. The old myth were true for men of nobler strain:

'Tis only such as we who make it vain!

Alas for Lips...

ALAS for lips that in a million ears

Breathe the rude faction's cry! Alas
for throats

That to the hour's harsh uproar tune their notes.

Unawed, unchastened, when a nation hears,

Touched with sublimer hopes and grander fears!

Vainly the hero strives, the sage devotes His ripening toil, the soaring ensign floats—

Where servile lips awaken servile cheers, And chiefs mislead, and leaders swell the throng.

O men whose purer virtue makes ye brave To lift the unfaltering voice and still withstand

The mindless blast, the blind tumultuous wave.

Ye only serve and ye alone are strong, How few soe'er, how powerless in the land.

To Mr. Cleveland

O HELMSMAN, who, in adverse seas and storm,

Held'st the good ship unswerving to its course,

Stemming the swollen surge with skill to force The warring winds to serve, despite the swarm

Of justling mercenaries, swift to form The traitorous league and thwart thy prompt resource

With craft and guile and mutinous clamors hoarse-

Thy manhood hath made hearts long cold grow warm,

And hostile lips at last confess their wrong, Meting thee praise for many a dauntless deed And many a clarion word breathed bold and strong.

Beside thee, nobly loyal to the need, How shrank the caitiff-lipped, time-serving throng,

Unstatured in their selfishness and greed!

Not So They Speak...

66 BID thee and, because my hand hath might,

Lo, thou shalt do my bidding!" Whoso saith To his brother this—behold, he breathes churl's breath,

Trampling unshamed the equal human right. Whether, safe-throned, he bids his legions smite,

Or spurs afield in scornful hardiment, Dull souled is he, impious and insolent, A king unkingly, an unknightly knight. Not so they speak — the heroes of the race.

The godlike few who make their strife divine,

Nor Time's green-laurelled hosts, since time began.

"Purge thou our wills, O Lord! Do thou abase

The haughty crest; the humble cause make thine!"

Such speech they breathe, who war for God and Man.

Patria ad Viatores Inscription for a Triumphal Arch

BECAUSE my heart was swollen with

In him who loosed my lightnings in the East, Smote, shivered, and slew, and with my holts released

Ten million brave men hastening to my side In bonds; because my haughty lips denied The common manhood's right, and only gave

Each throbbing heart the boon to beat, my slave—

And he natheless my stinging scourges plied;

Because his hand was sure, and undeterred By fear or pity or shame, and so he smote, Saviour, enslaver—even as I decreed: Struck off the shackle—and forged it—at my word:

Because he wrote my might in flame, I wrote

His name in stone, and bade the Ages read.

In England Sunday Morning

BY thy grey towers and in thy cities' streets,

Amid thy cloudy London's sullen roar— England, I move no stranger. Long of yore, In thine own pulses throbbed the blood that beats

In these young western veins: the heart that greets

Thy ancient walls and wolds is still thine own,

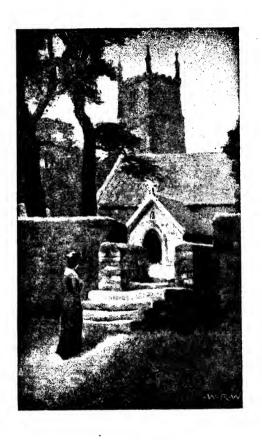
A son's; in far ancestral memories known, Dear is each gleam that o'er thy calm face fleets.

At dusk I heard thy nightingale—unheard, Yet ofttimes heard, before; and now thy lark First soars for me, who long have loved his lay.

My footsteps know thy misty meads—and hark!

Yon silver chimes have for long ages stirred The soul, thine own, that thrills in me to-day.

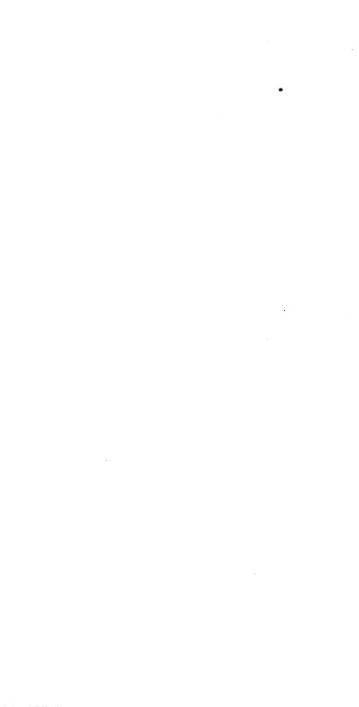
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